Wet

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Wet

by TigerPrawn

Summary

An unexpected encounter when Trans Genderfluid Will is hired as a life model by an enigmatic painter.

This was a first for Will. He'd done plenty of life modelling over the last couple of years in college, but usually it was somewhere more central, more public. A function room hired out, or an art studio space for groups of four or ten, sometimes more. But this was clearly someone's office, there was even a reception desk, though no one was sitting there.

Will looked to see if there was a bell to ding, but there wasn't. So instead his eye was drawn to the clock on the wall that seemed to echo each tick around the empty space. He was a few minutes early and had rushed to make sure he was on time. Now a little warm, he took off his jacket, leaving him in his orange off the shoulder, long-sleeved top, with a dark pair of floral skorts. Black leggings underneath and biker boots to complete the grungey look.

He watched the clock tick over another minute as he dropped his jacket onto the waiting room chairs.

He wondered if he'd been pranked, but the agency he went through always took payment up front and his cut was already in his account. So even if he had then he'd lost nothing. Even so, he was wary.

Will pulled out his phone and called the agency. Bev answered immediately.

"What's up?"

"Bev, I'm in an office. Like someone's private office. All alone. Did you send me the right address?"

He could hear rustling at the other end and her silence spoke volumes about her concern. If she was comfortable with the situation she'd be talking shit at him right now. Finally the shuffling papers came to an end.

"Ohhhh. Yeah, that's the right address. It's all above board. This is that guy that did that amazing piece of Tobias."

"Oh!" the word came out softly as Will pictured it. A beautiful painting of Tobias, one of the other models, as an ancient Nubian king in repose. It was stunning, they had all gone to see it when it was exhibited by the anonymous patinter.

"So… this guy likes to be completely anonymous. Is that sketchy?"

"Nah, Margot had him completely vetted. He might ask you to sign an NDA."

Will let out a huff. He liked this job because it was so straightforward. Look pretty and sit or stand whilst people sketched or painted.

"Don't sweat it, babe." Bev encouraged. "It's all good. I would have warned you ahead of time but I didn't twig at all that this was that guy. Sorry."

"No, it's fine." Will replied just as the office door opened. "Gotta go," he said quickly and then hung up.

"Oh, I think there's been some mist-" the incredibly attractive man in a fussy suit started to say as he approached Will, but then stopped. Will knew what the man was seeing, a cute little co-ed, until he got closer and clocked the light stubble. "Oh, I apologise. I-"

That at least broke the ice. Like a ten tonne polar bear.

Will smiled and waved a dismissive hand, "happens all the time." He didn't mean the levity, he hated that this happened all the time. Hated having his gender assumed either way, but work was work and he wasn't about to get into it more than he had to.

The man returned the smile and continued to study him intently. It was the sort of look that would usually make Will glower, but there was a glint of something in the man's eyes that made his stare feel like something else.

Will didn't feel like he was under a microscope like a bug. He felt like he was being admired, like a work of art.

"I'm a genderfluid guy." Will started to explain, wanting to break the sudden tension. "I use he, him pronouns but often present very feminine, and the agency said you specifically wanted someone with curly hair?" Will smiled the final words, hoping not to lose the job.

The man continued to study him, his eyes on Will's mouth, he realised, before finally going up to Will's crop of brown curls.

"Indeed. I am doing a series of historical paintings. I need an Antinous."

"Antinous?" Will asked, his skin prickling at the man's deep, sensual accent.

"The young lover of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. He was so adored by Hadrian that the Emperor deified Antinous on his death." The man offered his hand to shake, "Hannibal Lecter."

"Will Graham," Will took his hand and… did they clasp each other a little longer than necessary whilst Hannibal continued to look deep into his eyes? Maybe. Will's heart skipped a beat. He wasn't usually one for crushes, but he couldn't deny the immediate physical attraction to this man.

"I saw the painting of Tobias," Will mentioned, allowing Hannibal to usher him into the office.

"Yes, he sat very well. It takes several sessions. I'll want to sketch you a few times before committing anything to canvas."

"Sounds good," Will agreed, more sessions meant more cash and his textbooks weren't cheap this semester. This was a much more lucrative job than sitting the occasional art class at the Y.

As though reading his mind, Hannibal then asked "are you a student, like Tobias?"

"I am. Though I don't know him well, only through work. His major is music so we're not on the same campus."

"What do you study?" The question felt like genuine interest, not forced as Will came to a stop in the lavishly decorated and dimly lit palatial office. He turned back to Lecter who was once more looking him up and down.

"Entomology." Will replied, sharply before taking a breath. "You don't like my clothes?" Will asked, trying not to sound too defensive.

"I think you look stunning," Hannibal admitted, "though either way, I'd like to do the first sketches topless."

Hannibal stepped slightly closer and for a moment Will thought he was going to pull Will's top off himself, but instead he simply gestured at the orange fabric and asked, "would you

mind? I'll get everything set up."

"Some days I feel more feminine than masculine, so I dress that way." Will found himself explaining as he toyed with the hem of his top.

"It suits you," Hannibal replied softly, the words making Will shiver.

There was something gentlemanly about the way Hannibal turned away from him then, giving him a semblance of privacy. Rather than pull his top off over his head, Will shrugged down the arms and pulled them free - pushing it off his shoulder until the top was around his waist and he was able to bring it up to his chest. Modesty, in a way. But mostly, he just took a minute to get comfortable with these things still.

"You like bugs then?" Hannibal enquired.

"I, um. I like science but I'm taking classes in criminology too. My thesis is on determining time of death by insect larvae."

"Impressive!"

Hannibal was in the corner of the room, there was a huge sheet that had been draped down from a balcony library, and in front of it was a chaise and a few Greco-Roman props. Set up between there and the rest of the office was an easel, some canvases, supplies on a small table. A comfortable chair that matched one that Will had to walk past to get to the scene.

"What is it you do?" Will asked, curious about this office setting.

"I'm a psychiatrist. I occasionally consult for the FBI. Unfortunately I'm not at liberty to discuss that work, which is a shame as I think you'd be interested." Hannibal continued whilst setting out his sketchbooks and pencils. "But also, I am an artist. It's a passion of mine and one that has made me as reasonable an income as my practice. But my work is exhibited anonymously."

Will nodded, his curiosity piqued.

"You don't want your patients to know," Will assumed.

"I don't want anyone to know outside of this room," Hannibal smiled and looked up, his eyes locking on Will again then. Will felt like he was in the line of sight of a lion. Hannibal straightened up and continued, his voice low and sensual. "Painting is something for me, something I enjoy. It is intimate, between me and the subject. I exhibit because I want others to see the beauty of those who sit before me. I never sell portraits. Only landscapes and medical studies. These really are just for me, even if I am happy to share them with the public for a short time."

Will felt breathless. The intense gaze, the words. The overwhelming sensation of having the total, focused attention of this man was almost unbearable.

He looked away as he nodded and said, "oh. Okay."

Will could hear Hannibal moving again and when he looked up, Hannibal had taken a seat and had a sketchbook and pencil in hand.

Will wasn't going to wait to be asked, knowing he'd just feel less awkward once he was exposed. He pushed his top all the way down to his waist and then casually sat back, resting on his hands as he asked "how do you want me?"

The words made Will blush even before he'd finished saying them, but Hannibal perhaps hadn't heard the accidental double entendre as Will caught the way he looked at Will's chest and then blinked. Will's top surgery scars had healed years ago, but with a chest almost completely free of hair they were obvious, especially to someone with a medical eye for details.

"Is it a problem?" Will asked, this time there was defensiveness there, though he refused to start pulling his top back up - as much as he wanted to.

"No, no." Hannibal said quickly. "I wasn't expecting, I assumed… The fault lies with me for assuming. I had only specified curly hair, and here you are."

"Here I am," Will agreed, a bite to the attempt at wit.

Hannibal's features softened. "I apologise if I made you feel uncomfortable. I will completely understand if you'd like to leave."

Will shook his head and this time his smirk was genuine, "I've had worse reactions, believe me."

There was a flash of something across Hannibal's face then. If it had lasted a moment longer, Will might have been able to work it out for certain, but just briefly he could have sworn that microexpression was murderous rage.

He felt even more like there was a lion in the room with him. But, foolishly, Will found he didn't want to escape. He felt like he was safe.

"How do you want me?" Will said instead, making himself comfortable on chaise.

There was a beat before Hannibal replied, "just relax for now, I just want to sketch you from just below the shoulders, like a bust. I want to get a feel for you."

Will was so glad that Hannibal looked down at his sketchpad then because his cheeks definitely pinked up and his t-cock gave a throb of want, his boxers growing damp. There was definitely no denying his attraction, making him wonder whether he'd have ever met this man outside of this environment. Will was pretty sure they didn't go to the same clubs. Which was a shame, because perhaps then-

"Are you comfortable?" Hannibal asked, cutting through Will's thoughts.

Will moved a little to settle more comfortably, tucking his legs up under him as he sat back on the chaise. It was a struggle not to make the movement look like squirming given how suddenly, and very, wet he was.

The money was going to be worth it, but Will was not looking forward to spending horny hour on end posing.

Almost two hours passed as Hannibal sketched. In that time there was an intense focus aimed directly at Will that he was used to in these situations. But there were also lingering glances that made Will ache and his cheeks burn. They sat in silence half of the time and there was no way that Hannibal could miss the occasional hitch of his breath. No way he couldn't see Will flush up his neck and to the tips of his ears under those lingering looks.

When there wasn't silence it was because Hannibal was asking Will about his studies and his hobbies. Where he was from - what a lovely accent. In turn Will asked about Hannibal's origins and apparently didn't offend him when he made clear his disdain for psychoanalysis. In fact Hannibal's amused huff made him ache all the more.

The time passed quickly and Will found that he'd rather like to continue talking. Continue being looked at by Hannibal. And more. He was so wet, so hard, like these hours had been foreplay.

Finally Hannibal set down his sketch pad. Not gently placing it aside but rather thwacking it lightly onto his lap and sitting rigidly for a moment, as though annoyed. Will was about to ask if everything was okay when the man eased and put the pad on the table.

"Apologies, I seem to be having quite some trouble concentrating today. I've not made as many reference sketches as I'd have liked, but I think it will do for today."

When Hannibal stood and started to arrange his supplies, Will took the cue to stand up. He stretched his whole body, hands over his head, and let out a low moan as the stiffness in his muscles eased and his back cracked slightly.

Trying to ignore the moistness between his legs, Will began to pull his top back up as he turned back to Hannibal, to find once again the man was watching him.

"Thank you, Will." Hannibal finally said. "Did you have a coat?"

"I left my jacket in your waiting room," Will replied, trying to mimic Hannibal's all business tone, rather unconvincingly he was sure.

Hannibal nodded and walked to the door, Will took that as the cue to leave and so followed him until the man turned and held out his hand to shake.

"It's been a pleasure."

It felt like electricity crackling between them as their hands met. Hannibal rubbed a thumb over the back of Will's hand and neither seemed in a hurry to pull back as their eyes locked.

There was heat there, and Hannibal released a shaky breath.

"Are you flustered?" Will found himself asking.

Hannibal nodded, "you seem to have flustered me." His smile was all charm.

“You don’t get flustered easily.” Will commented. He read people well and got the distinct impression that Hannibal was very careful in how he presented himself to the world. Being flustered wasn’t something he’d let surface.

“I do not,” Hannibal agreed.

“I like that I fluster you,” Will couldn’t help but admit, no shyness now. No blushing. Stating a fact and wanting… more. Something.

God he was so wet.

This was already one of the most intense experiences of his life. Could he do this over and over again when-

Hannibal’s free hand was suddenly at Will’s cheek, quickly drawing him in until their mouth’s pressed together and lips parted.

“Fuck,” Will muttered as he pulled away.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me-” Hannibal started but Will shook his head.

“No, I… I wanted it. I don’t usually, um, do this sort of thing with clients, that isn’t what this job is.” Will clarified quickly.

For a moment Hannibal looked mortified, “no, I never thought that. I have never done this before with a model. I shouldn’t-”

“Are you a chaser?” Will blurted the next thing that had come to mind. The paranoia. They had clearly been lusting over each other the last couple of hours, which was incredibly inappropriate on both their parts. He couldn’t help but be suspicious of this interest.

“A chaser? I don’t know what that is.” Hannibal frowned.

“Someone who just wants to sleep with trans people because they are trans. They can be quite fetishistic. I’m not a fetish.”

In the couple of hours Will had become accustomed to Hannibal’s microexpressions, so the way his eyes went wide at the remark made it all the more impacting.

“No, Will, I’m… I’m so sorry if I gave that impression. I just find you… You are beautiful and captivating and-”

It was all Will needed to hear. He was kissing Hannibal then, pushing him against the still unopened door.

Hannibal allowed it, letting Will take the lead as they kissed hungrily. Hannibal’s hands roamed over his back, keeping him close, and eventually his mouth broke away to nuzzle at Will’s neck.

“I don’t usually…” Will started, trying to articulate that he didn’t sleep around. He got laid here and there but it wasn’t exactly always safe to try and pick up whilst being trans.

“How far do you want this to go?” Hannibal asked, pulling back with a questioning glance. “Is there anything I shouldn’t do? Shouldn’t touch?”

Will’s cock throbbed again at the consideration there. A consideration that should always be a given but often wasn’t.

Will leaned his head to the side, and pulled Hannibal back to him, allowing Hannibal more access to his neck as he tried not to turn to jelly at the sensation of renewed nuzzling.

“All the way far,” Will panted, sliding a hand between them to rub over the growing hardness between Hannibal’s legs. “I’m so wet already. Touch me anywhere.”

Will’s admission made Hannibal push him back a little, but then he lifted Will into his arms as though he weighed nothing, carrying him bridal style back to the chaise.

Hannibal set Will on his feet, and then came the frenzied undressing. They were pulling at their own and each other’s clothes until finally Will was naked though Hannibal remained in his trousers.

Will had no time to catch his breath as Hannibal pulled him into another kiss, slowly lowering them to the chaise until they lay there kissing, hands exploring.

Hannibal pulled away from the kiss and began to instead kiss down Will’s body. He nudged a nipple with his nose before licking and sucking at it. He continued down to Will’s light sprinkling of hair on his stomach and then further down before Will could even catch his breath.

Will moaned and spread his legs as best he could on the chaise, one hand gripping the back of the chair and the other in Hannibal’s hair as he lowered himself between Will’s legs.

“Yes, so very wet for me.” Hannibal murmured, grazing lips and tongue over Will’s most sensitive parts. Will whimpered, wanting more. A sound that ended in a gasp then a moan as Hannibal slid his tongue inside him, tasting the wetness.

“Oh god!” Will gasped, his hand gripping tight on Hannibal’s hair as he looked between his legs and watched the scene as he fucked his tongue into Will. The noises were obscene as he licked and sucked at Will’s cock before pushing his tongue inside again.

“Oh god,” Will cried out louder this time, he felt boneless, needing more. “F-fingers… please…”

Hannibal grunted, going back to sucking Will’s cock as he slid two fingers into the younger man. They went easily, immediately slicked and soaked.

Will moaned again and shifted his hips, riding Hannibal’s fingers and trying to fuck up into his mouth.

“You’re beautiful,” Hannibal pulled back enough to mutter the words hot against Will’s crotch before sucking him down again. Hannibal eagerly thrust his fingers hard and fast, keeping the same rhythm as his cock sucking.

“Gonna-” Will started to warn, but before he had a chance to say more he was coming, clamping down around Hannibal’s fingers as he squirted.

He practically convulsed as he came, flowing into Hannibal’s waiting mouth.

Hannibal sucked and lapped every bit of the moisture he could, until Will was left panting and boneless.

“Fuck… fuck…” Will panted the words as he tried to catch his breath.

“Mmm,” Hannibal hummed and moved up to kiss Will, capturing his mouth and sharing his own flavours, wetness smeared between them.

Will could feel how hard Hannibal was against his thigh, and knew he should reciprocate. He pulled Hannibal’s trousers open as they continued their near-sloppy kisses.

“Naughty boy,” Hannibal teased, pulling out of reach to finish undoing his trousers and pushing them down his thighs. Will watched, mesmerised as Hannibal began to stroke his thick, hard cock.

“Fuck…” Will muttered again, still pliant on the chaise. “Fuck me. Please.”

With a grunt Hannibal slid his wallet from his back pocket. He removed the single condom packet from inside and threw the wallet on the floor. It was only a moment later that the wrapping joined it and Hannibal rolled the condom on.

A small smile played over Hannibal’s lips as he moved forward once more and, with no effort, slid right inside Will’s eager wetness.

Will groaned, his back arching. The slick wet sounds of Hannibal’s movements were delicious. He couldn’t remember ever getting this wet for anyone ever before.

“Fuck, fuck…” Will repeated over and over, like a broken record as Hannibal drove into him. “So wet for you, you make me so wet, the way you look at me… fuck…” he gasped out the words and relished their desired effect as Hannibal began to pound into him all the more.

“You’re bewitching, I could adore you, if you let me.”

“Like Hadrian and Antinous?” Will found himself lost in the wonderful dichotomy of the moment. The hard, spontaneous fucking coupled with the sense of romance and something *more*. The sense that this was the start of something.

“Yes,” Hannibal ground out the words as he pressed his forehead to Will’s, thrusting over and over. “I’d worship you.”

Will pulled Hannibal down into a hungry, biting kiss. He was already so close again, that it took only a few more hard, squelching thrusts to send him over the edge.

As Will came, Hannibal cried out. Will's inner muscles contracted around him. He could feel every inch of that wonderful cock inside him, making him come all the harder until Hannibal was shuddering and moaning above him. Two more jarred thrusts, and Hannibal released, hitting his own climax with a long groan into Will's willing mouth.

When Hannibal collapsed onto him, Will revelled in it, in the way their bodies fit together. The way Hannibal was still hot and heavy inside him as they nuzzled and stroked at each other.

"Can I see the sketches?" Will asked as he regained his breath. "I want to see how you see me."

Hannibal pulled back and looked down at him, adoring and worshipful. "As Hadrian saw Antinous." He replied.

*

When Will attended the exhibition as Hannibal's guest he'd been excited to see the finished piece up in public. All the same, as he stood there looking at the amazing art Hannibal had created, he couldn't help but remember the first time. And then the next, and the next.

In the painting he was reclining on a Roman couch, relaxing and inescapably looking post-coital. He was naked with fabric draped delicately over his crotch, making it look like he might nap at any moment.

Will had told Hannibal he didn't mind being drawn with a penis, for authenticity. But Hannibal had replied that that wasn't the reason he was covered, it was because Hannibal was only willing to share so much of this particular piece.

Will found he didn't mind Hannibal being possessive over him.

It was no wonder that the painting took several months longer than planned given that there were just some occasions where they were unable to concentrate on what they were supposed to be doing. The memories were such a turn on…

"Do you like it, darling?" Hannibal whispered into his ear as he came up behind him.

"Mmm," Will answered, "I do. A little too much." His cheeks burned and he felt as well as heard the growl that loosed itself from Hannibal's chest. He was sure his boyfriend had no doubt about quite how wet he was right now.

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